

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, November 2,.....1811.

[NO. 2.

THE BANDEAU OF LOVE;
OR, THE
BLINDNESS OF DULILOT.

A Tale.

Nervalle's fears were not immediately justified: the tranquility in which she found herself in this respect determined her to propose to Dulilot, to go for her to Aix: it was on a business of some importance. Out of the wreck of her fortune, Nervalle had preserved a considerable sum in bills of exchange, which till then had remained in the hands of a friend and trustee, who had not had it in his power to transmit them to her before: these bills were drawn on the marchioness de Vorson at Aix. Nervalle knew no one in this town to whom she could entrust the commission of receiving them; Dulilot undertook the business, and set off to execute it. Arrived at Aix he went according to the address mentioned to the marchioness de Vorson's, she was not known, surprised, he made inquiry, hunted every where, and after the most diligent search, which prolonged his stay more than he would have wished, he saw him-

self forced to return without having discovered any trace of this marchioness. Vexed at disappointment so unexpected, accusing only the dishonesty of madame de Vorson, who he supposed had quitted the town to avoid her engagements, and thinking only of the concern of his mistress on learning this unforeseen loss, he returned to Lyons full of sorrow and inquietude. His own situation contributed to afflictive reflections; his affairs were not in a good state, his trade neglected, the enormous expences that he had been at for Nervalle, reduced him to a melancholy situation. he hoped at least to deposit and forget part of his cares, at the feet of that adorable woman. He flew to her house on his arrival, to that house which he himself had furnished, where he saw comfort and taste, seconded by his liberality, embellish the abode of his dear Nervalle; but how great was his grief! Nervalle, during his absence, had quitted her house and the city, no news that might seem to tranquilize him respecting what could become of her. What surprised him more, was, that not only the jewels, but even the most trifling

articles which he had given her, had disappeared with her. However, Nervalles seemed to show her sincerity, by also taking with her a niece of Dulilot's, this was a child eight or ten years old. But this circumstance was unnecessary to persuade Dulilot of the honour, the candour, and the sincerity of his mistress, he did not for a moment ascribe to her any views contrary to those, which he had always discovered in her. His friend Debar, who was not blinded by love, did not think like him, he employed the best reasons to prove to Dulilot that he was deceived; but it was always without success, the latter opposed, to the reason of his friend the motives of the researches of the family of Nervalles, who no doubt, had found herself forced on that account to make an expeditious retreat.

The adventure made a noise in Lyons, where for a long time before Dulilot's singular attachment had been remarked, and had excited the censure of all those who knew him. The derangement of fortune that had followed it, was at length the cause of his partners excluding him from the firm.---

Here then was Dulilot, without establishment, without property, & forsaken by Nervalles, for whom he had made every sacrifice. He was the talk of the city, every one questioned him with an ironical air of interest, respecting the fate of that woman of fashion, whom he had

formerly brought, his friends made him secret reproaches, but he answered to all, that he knew very well where she was, and that she had apprized him of this sudden step. He in fact expected to find her again at the convent of Toulouse, which she had mentioned to him: and till the expiration of a month, the period fixed for her to write to him, he kept himself as quiet as he possibly could. The month was elapsed, the wished letter did not yet arrive, his friend Debar advised Dulilot to at last forget a woman, who was making a fool of him, he intreated him to avail himself of the few resources that he had left to retrieve his situation, and repair, by a prudent conduct, the losses which he had sustained. Useless advice! Dulilot could not profit by it, Nervalles alone occupied him, he would inform himself of her fate, he set off for Toulouse, he flew rapidly on the wings of love and hope, his heart leaped, all his senses were moved at the sight of the asylum, that was to contain Nervalles, he ran, approached, enquired--she was unknown--grief oppressed him his ideas were confounded, his feelings were at variance, scarcely did he know himself, no other resource remained than that of returning to Lyons, where tender recollections and a secret instinct called him. Then it was that Debar's friendship again strove to bring back Dulilot to reason, experience must have given him a lesson, events condemned him, and added to the

strength of argument, but what can friendship, or reason, do against the prepossessions of feeling?—'No my friend,' said Dulilot, 'nothing now can make me doubt the honor of Nerval, too many reiterated proofs would make it a crime in me to harbour the slightest suspicion, you know little of her, and your opinions provoke me. But let what will be the case, I must see her, and come to an explanation with her, I cannot live in such cruel suspense.'

Debar had too much feeling to forsake his friend in so critical a conjuncture, he judged that it was necessary to give way to his weakness, in order to cure him off it more certainly, or to preserve at least a confidence that might serve to guide him on a more serious occasion.

Inessant inquires at length informed them, what people had assisted Nerval, in the removal of her property, and by their means, what road she had taken on leaving Lyons. She was gone to Dijon. Dulilot wished already to be there. Well! said Debar I must go to Paris; I will to oblige you, sacrifice some time and a little expence, I will accompany you as far as Dijon, and I will try to serve you effectually, your error is not perhaps incorrigible, and my attention may restore you to yourself and to happiness.

Our two friends set off, and were not long in reaching Dijon,

they arrived there, and sought every where for the object of their journey. No one new Nerval, in vain Dulilot described her, he discovered no trace of her. When they were beginning to despair of the success of thier enquiries, they at length found an inn keeper, who thought he knew the original of the picture drawn by Debar, who was then alone at this investigation. The good man added, that not only the lady had a young girl with her, but that she was accompanied by her husband, and that she even appeared with child, they lodged some time at my house, added he, and liked their abode very well, but their affairs preventing them from staying they set off for Langres about three weeks ago.'

Debar, very glad of his discovery and of the little circumstance which he had learned, returned to Dulilot, fatigued with having again run all over the town, had thrown himself on his bed in the greatest depression of spirits. He restored him to life by this intelligence, but when he specified that Nerval was not alone and that she was with child, Ah! heaven! exclaimed Dulilot, is it possible? but no, it is a mistake.—'What,' replied Debar, 'you still believe in her virtue, and all her improper conduct does not undeceive you!'—'Ah my friend, she is a woman so modest so virtuous! If you knew her. Let us set off my friend, let us set off for Langres.'—'I consent,' said Debar, 'I will not forsake you till

you are convinced of her perfidy, beside we must find out your niece.'

Here then were Dulilot and Debar once more running after Nerval, the one for the pleasure of seeing her again, the other to confound her if possible. Being arrived at Langres, Debar, with his usual activity and intelligence, found means to discover the very place where she lodged; he took Dulilot thither, asked for a room for them both & went up to it with him while their supper was preparing. As they were on the staircase, Debar perceived Nerval, who was coming down at that moment, he hid his face with his hat, slipped in dexterously between her and his friend, and made the latter who was not attentive to his motions, enter the room. When they were there together, Debar told him that the inn to which he had brought him, was that where Nerval lodged, that a young adventurer, who went by the name of the chevalier Daval, and whom she made pass for her husband accompanied her, and that she was really with child, as they had been told at Dijon. 'Have you seen her?' warmly interrupted Dulilot. '--Yes, I have seen her: and your doubts are absurd and offensive to me.' Dulilot confused did not dare to answer. --- Debar took advantage of this moment of indignation, to make him the warmest representations on the inconceivable error

by which he had suffered himself to be blinded respecting this woman; then reverting to all her actions to begin by her ready and suspicious acceptance of the two *louis d'ors* on the Paris road, he demonstrated the falseness of their principal, the meanness of their end, and the contempt which they deserved. The zeal of friendship, that pure, warm and affecting zeal, animated Debar's discourse; reason & justice gave him all the force and authority that he could derive from such supports; and he also seconded it by the obvious and pressing considerations of the misfortunes, the indigence and the contempt that had been brought upon him, by his weakness for a female adventurer unworthy the countenance of an honest man. A salutary impression was made on Dulilot's mind, his silence and his tears were an eloquent confession of his faults; his whole conduct announced a man disposed to follow the advice of his friend, though it were contrary to an inclination which he began to blame. Debar seizing this disposition, to which he had endeavoured to bring him, continued to move him, and thus concluded his exhortation, 'I have proved to you how highly Nerval's conduct and person deserve contempt; you feel the sad effects of a love which you must completely banish; you see the necessity of an open rupture; this is the manner in which you must bring it about, and in a moment.

Nervalle's apartment is not far, from this: you must go thither; I will accompany you: we will ask for your niece without any other explanation, and also for the jewels which you gave her and which she cannot refuse to restore to you, this business must be done with boldness and dispatch, after, that, we will think of repairing, by means of my friends, the state of your fortune, which your unhappy passion has so materially deranged.'

(To be Concluded next week.)

SYMPATHY.

By S. Y.

—WHEN passing the village *Richardo* alighted from the chaise; with pensive step he entered the church-yard, and diligently searched the dreary abodes of the silent dead, to find the spot that contained the relics of his departed friend.—

'There as he pass'd with silent step and slow,
A pleasing sadness o'er his bosom stole;
And then, thro' grief, the friendly tear did flow,
And sighs of sympathy escap'd his soul.'

He approached the rising sod—he leaned on the grave-stone, and dropt a tear: and, as the tide of tenderness came over his heart, he seemed to articulate---Alas! my departed friend! Soon must I follow thee---soon must all submit,

and be as thou art! Soon, ah! soon must all descend into the gloomy silent grave!--

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and in certain thoughts

Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,

That age, ach. penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'

Bending o'er the silent sod, reflection told him 'that life is a passing shadow, a waking dream; and all human grandeur a scene of folly. Let the vain court the hand of ambition: Let obsequious meanness bend to tyranny in power; but let me dedicate my little day of life to Him who gave it.'—Ere he took his last farewell of the everlasting home of his departed friend he plucked from the turf some wild flowers that waved their gentle foliage over his remains, while he feasted in the luxury of meditation.

'Grief's sharpest thorn had pressed on his breast,

He strove with wakeful melody to cheer
The sullen gloom —

He returned with the flowerets in his hand—he said they would constitute a memorial.—He proposed giving a part of them to her who once claimed the friendship and love of the deceased — ‘With tears,’ he exclaimed, ‘will she snatch from me so dear a prize! but, alas! how afflicting must that moment be; it will draw from the eyes of the hapless maiden a flood of tears!—tears of sorrow, sympathy, and affection!’—As he uttered these words I beheld the manly tear.

‘Stand trembling in his eye;
And the deep sigh, tho’ half suppress’d
escape
The confines of his breast. —

On the COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES and DISADVANTAGES of PRIVATE and PUBLIC EDUCATION.

Could mankind lead their lives in solitude, which is so favourable to many of our most virtuous affections, I should be clearly on the side of a private education. But most of us, when we go out into the world, find difficulties in our way which good principles and innocence alone will not qualify us to encounter: we must have some address and knowledge of the world, different from what is to be learned from books, or we shall soon be puzzled, disheartened, or disgusted. The foundation of this knowledge is said in the intercourse of school-boys, or at

least of young men of the same age. When a boy is always under the direction of a parent, or tutor, he acquires such a habit of looking up to them for advice, that he never learns to act or think for himself; his memory is exercised, indeed, in retaining their advice, but his invention is suffered to languish, till, at last, it becomes totally inactive. He knows, perhaps, a great deal of history or science; but he knows not how to conduct himself on those ever-changing emergencies, which are too minute and too numerous to be comprehended in any system of advice. He is astonished at the most common appearances, and discouraged by the most trifling (because unexpected) obstacles; and he is often at his wit’s end, where a boy of much less knowledge, but more experience, would instantly devise a thousand expedients.

Another inconvenience attending private education is the suppression of the principle of emulation, without which it rarely happens that a boy prosecutes his studies with alacrity or success. I have heard private tutors complain that they were obliged to have recourse to flattery or bribery to engage the attention of their pupil, and I need not observe how improper it is to set the example of such practices before children. True emulation, especially in young and ingenious minds, is a noble principle. I have known the happiest effects produced by

it; I never knew it to be productive of any vice. In all public schools it is, or ought to be, carefully cherished—I shall only observe further, that when boys pursue their studies at home they are apt to contract either a habit of idleness, or too close an attachment to reading; the former breeds innumerable diseases, both in the body and soul; the latter, by filling young and tender minds with more knowledge than they can either retain or arrange properly, is apt to make them superficial or inattentive, or, what is worse, to strain, and consequently impair, the faculties, by overstretching them. I have known several instances of both.

The great inconvenience of public education arises from its being dangerous to morals. And, indeed, every condition and period of human life is liable to temptation. Nor will I deny that our innocence during the first part of life is much more secure at home than anywhere else; yet even at home, when we reach a certain age, it is not perfectly secure. Let young men be kept at the greatest distance from bad company, it will not be easy to keep from them bad books, to which, in these days, all persons may have easy access at all times. Let us however, suppose the best, that both bad books and bad company keep away, and that the young man never leaves his parent's or tutor's side till his mind be well furnished with good

principles, and himself arrived at the age of reflection and caution yet temptations must come at last; and when they come, will they have the less strength, because they are new, unexpected, and surprising? I fear not. The more the young man is surprised, the more apt will he be to lose his presence of mind, and consequently the less capable of self-government. Besides if his passions are strong, he will be disposed to form comparisons between his past state of restraint and his present of liberty, very much to the disadvantage of the former. His new associates will laugh at him for his reserve and preciseness, and his acquaintance with their manners, and with the world, as it will render him the more obnoxious to their ridicule, will also qualify him the more both for supporting it with dignity, and also for defending himself against it.—A young man, kept by himself at home, is never well known, even by his parents; because he is never placed in those circumstances which alone are able to rouse and interest his passions, and consequently to make his character appear. His parents, therefore, or tutors, never know his weak side, nor what particular advice or cautions he stands most in need of; whereas, if he had attended a public school, and mingled in the amusements and pursuits of his equals, his virtues and vices would have been disclosing themselves every day; and his

teachers would have known what particular precepts and examples it was most expedient to inculcate upon him. Compare those who had a public education with those who have been educated at home; and it will not be found, in fact, that the latter are, either in virtue or in talents, superior to the former. I speak from observation of fact, as well as from attending to the nature of the thing. S.

THE OBSERVER,

NUMBER II.

All men are engaged in the pursuits of happiness; but so different are the courses they take to obtain it, that were it not for the concurrent testimony of her votaries, it would scarcely be credited, that each has the same object in view. Around us, we see many already arrived to the end of their journey, and hear the accents of bitter complaint flowing from their lips: "Vanity of Vanity all is vanity," and comparing sublunary things with the realities of Eternity, they pronounce a just condemnation on their own conduct.

In this life, man walks indeed in a vain shadow, and the period allotted to him at its utmost stretch, is but short; how lamentable then is it, that he should waste the golden moments in vanity and folly. Alas! after the most sanguine schemes, and laborious executions, he still find an aching void in his disappointed bosom.

Nor is this surprising, when we perceive the cause; man must blame himself for his disappointment, the paths which he pursues are those of error, his hopes are placed on objects which cannot possibly satisfy him.

If we would be happy, we must be willing to receive the instructions of wisdom: "Happy (says the inspired penman) is the man that findeth wisdom; length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand, riches and honor. He shall walk in his way safely, and his foot shall not stumble; when he lieth down, sweet shall be his sleep."

Happiness resides in the habitation of peace.—How can that man be unhappy, who possesses a conscience void of offence toward God and man. We are not created for ourselves alone, and having duties to perform, obligations to discharge, and difficulties to encounter, we find them checks in our pursuits. Yet by such repulses our desires become more ardent, and gain an increase of strength. "See yonder field of nature, the labourers immerse in sweat, gather the yellow blessings and carefully bind them together: Yet they evidently bear the marks of the primæval curse, "in the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat thy bread.

Whilst many are receiving the choice blessings of heaven, unmindful of the hand that feeds

them, ascribing the praise to chance alone; how few are with gratitude, admiring the rich source of life, from whence they derive their high enjoyments and consolations.

In the exercise of social and religious duties, the mind finds a sweet serenity and calm delight;—and obtains that rich satisfaction, which the indulgence of pride never furnishes; which cold indifference is insensible to; but which in truth, chases away the tear of anxiety from the bosom.

This is the welcome branch whose leaves never wither; but which buds and blossoms forever: in obtaining which,—we gain a true and soothing rest.

Trace out the path, where wisdom leads
(Through pity's enamel'd meads)

To everlasting day.

And if the blessings she bestows,
Are not worth all things else below:
Believe not what I say.

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE KING V. BETTY TOWNSEND.

Witchcraft—This indictment was preferred against the prisoner at the last General Quarter Sessions, at Taunton, and the bill being found, was certified to the present Assizes. The following are the singular circumstances on which the prosecution was founded, and on which the offender was convicted.

The prisoner is a very old woman, aged 77, and has for a number of years past been considered by very many, who indulge in superstitious opinions, as a Witch. Her appearance, to such persons, would certainly sanction their suspicions, as never was Witchcraft more fully personified. Her *Levee* had a daily, nay hourly attendance, by those who chose to pay for a peep into the pages of futurity; but, in the examination of those pages, she unfortunately passed over that which contained her own destiny.

The prosecutor, Jacob Poole, is a poor labouring man, residing in a hamlet of Taunton, in which parish the prisoner also resided.

Poole was in the habit of sending a little (girl, his daughter,) aged about 12 years, with apples in a basket, to the market, and to the houses of people in Taunton, for sale. About the 24th of January last she met with the old woman, the prisoner, who stopped her, and asked to see what the child had in her basket, which having examined, the prisoner said, "Hast got any money?" The child said she had none. "Then get some for me," said the old hag, "and bring it to me at the Castle door, (a tavern in Taunton) or I will kill thee." The girl, frightened to an extreme at such a threat from the Witch, as she believed her to be, procured 2 shillings, and carried it to her; and upon giving her the money, the prisoner said, "'Tis a good turn thee hast got it, or else

I should have made thee *die by inches.*" The like circumstance took place, with no material variation, 7 times in about 5 months. At length a discovery took place. Poole, the father, went to the shop of Mr. Bruford, a druggist, in Taunton, to pay a little bill, which he owed for medicine &c. and on observing 7 different charges for 'money lent,' he enquired to whom and found that this money had, at various times been lent in sums of 2 shillings, 5 shillings, 1 shilling & 6 pence, 4 shillings, 7 shillings, 2 shillings & 6 pence, & 5 shillings, to the little girl who had gone in her father's name and borrowed the money for the purpose (as she said) of going to market, and carried it to the prisoner, the Witch, as a peace-offering. The father and mother questioned the child, and the story came out.—In consequence, Poole's wife and a woman named Johnson, went with the girl to the prisoner's house, & interrogated her as to the facts. She admitted her knowledge of the girl; but on being accused of her conduct, the prisoner swore & raved in the most violent manner, and vowed that if they dare to accuse her of it, she would make them 'die by inches.'

One cannot have a stronger proof of the impression made on the minds of the girl's mother, and her through comprehension of the meaning of this threat, than the prudent step she adopted to destroy the charm—"No, (said Mrs.

Poole) that the shalt not---I'll hinder thee," and taking a pin from her cloaths, she scratched the witch from her elbow to her wrist in three places,' 'to draw her blood.' This is considered to be a process of unfailing efficacy as an antidote of witch craft. The idea of this infamous woman's supernational power has so haunted the mind of the child, and disturbed her rest day and night, that she is now reduced to such a state of bodily debility as scarcely to be able to take any sustenance.

The case was satisfactorily proved, and the Jury without hesitation found the prisoner guilty. The Judge, after largely commenting on the enormity of the offence, observed that nothing but her extreme old age debarred him from pronouncing on her the most severe sentence which the law could inflict—She was sentenced to pay one shilling fine, and to be imprisoned in the House of Correction, these to be kept to hard labour for six calendar months.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

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For the Lady's Miscellany.
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VILLAINY REWARDED.

In the rebellion of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone wi-

dow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of about sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and butter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired with seeming kindness, how she lived. "Indeed," quoth she, "the cow and the kale yard wi' God's blessing's a' my mailen." He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart; the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away, beyond the inquiry of friends, or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits; a dragoon roared out, "I once starved a Scotch witch at Nithsdale: I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens: but (added he) she could live, for all that, on her God, as she said!" "And don't you rue it, (cried a young soldier starting up,) don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said he.---- "Rue aught like that! Then, by my God, (cried the youth,) unsheathing his sword,) that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw." They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "*had*

you rued it you should have only been punished by your God."

CURIOUS DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

In the early settlement of Massachusetts, the Naraganset Indians were very hostile to the colonists. By the prudent conduct, of the latter, however, peace was a long time preserved. Canoniscus, the Naraganset chief, seeking a rupture, had the generosity to give the colony notice of it, by sending the Governor *a bundle of arrows bound with the skin of a serpent*. The Governor, instead of being intimidated by the threat, *returned the skin filled with powder and ball*. This reply was effectual. The Chief was afraid of the contents, returned it unopened, and remained quiet.

THE TAYLOR'S DREAM

A taylor who was dangerously ill, had a remarkable dream--He saw, fluttering in the air, a peice of cloth of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage he had made, of a variety of colours. The angel of death held his peice of patch-work in one of his hands & with the sthergave the taylor several strokes with a peice of iron. The taylor, awakeing in fright, made a vow, that if he recovered he would cabbage no more.--He soon recovered--As he was diffident

of himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his dream whenever he cut out a suit of cloaths. The taylor was for some time obedient to the intimations given him by his apprentice. But a nobleman having sent for him to make a coat out of a very rich stuff, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his dream, but to no purpose; 'I am tired with your talk about the dream,' says the taylor: "there was nothing like *this* in the whole piece of patch-work I saw in my dream; and I observed likewise, that there was a peice deficient: that which I am now going to take will render it complete!"

SMUGGLING.

A countryman was stopped by a revenue officer who took from him two casks of spirits, and carrying the same to the next town (a distance of fifteen miles) was desired by the countryman to stop and leave it at the first public-house. The officer replied, 'No: I have seized it, and it must go to excise office.'—"Not so, master," said the countryman, 'I have a little bit of paper here, which if you'll take the trouble of reading, will convince you I am right.' The officer reading his *bit of paper*, exclaimed, 'Why you rascal, this is a permit, why did you not shew it me sooner?'—"because," said he, 'if I had, you would not have carried the liquor so far for me.'

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, November 2, 1811.

The City Inspector reports the death of 35 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week, ending on the 26th inst.

Incendiaries.—Four persons, by the vigilance of the police, have been apprehended on the strongest suspicion of setting fire to the Rope walks of Mess. Schermerhorn and Pitman, which were burnt some weeks ago. It appears that the act was committed to gratify the malice and resentment of the perpetrators. It is proper to mention, that no information of this nature against any other persons, had been obtained at the police office; although indisputable proofs of attempts to set fire to two or three stables have been discovered.

FIRE S.

Yesterday morning, about 2 o'clock, the Soap and Candle Manufactory of Mr Frederick Resler, in the rear of his dwelling house No 347 Pearl street was discovered to be on fire inside. The flames had reached such a height that all attempts to save the property failed. The building being fire proof, no damage was done to the adjoining houses. The fire originated in this way—Mr. R the preceding day had been melting down some old Candles, which were put in a bag to keep the wicks from mixing with the tallow. After most of the tallow had been thus separated, the bag was taken out of the boiler and laid upon the floor with the intention of putting it into the boiler the next day to extract the residue of tallow. Mr. R. believes the fire originated from the fermentation produced by the wicks. The loss is estimated at about 2000 dollars. There was no insurance on the building or property.

in the store We have been particular in noticing the origin of this fire from a hope that it may prevent accident of a similar nature.

PHILADELPHIA Oct. 25.

A very destructive Fire broke out on Wednesday night between 11 and 12 o'clock, back of the west side of Front-street a little above Arch street by which a range of large stores filled with valuable goods, a cabinet maker's shop, a school house, a black smith's shop and several other buildings were entirely destroyed besides many that were partially damaged.

Northampton, Oct. 16.—On Friday morning last about two o'clock, the bark Mill and extensive bark shed in the vicinity of this town were discovered to be wrapt in the flames. From the progress which the fire had made before the alarm was given, and from their distance from the village, though every exertion was made, it was impossible to save either the building or their contents. About 1500 coards of oak and hemlock bark, the sole property of Colonel William Edwards and his brother were utterly consumed. Their immediate and ultimate loss, taking into consideration the unvoidable delay in their very extensive manufactory, together with the difficulty and increased expence of procuring a sufficient supply of bark, cannot be estimated at less than nine or ten thousand dollars.

A valuable cotton manufactory was consumed by fire, on Sunday, at Medway.—*ibid.*

We are able to state from a correct source, that the \$2000 which were supposed to have been in the Pocket of Aaron Riley at the time of his death, have since been found in a pocket book

locked up in his trunk, on board of the packet in which he came to N. York.—The probability is that his death was accidental.

Burning Spring.—A Burning Spring has lately been discovered at Vernon in the county of Oneida, New-York, on the lands of a Mr. Williams, which possesses the quality of heat to a degree that by touching the surface of water with a candle, it will cause it to burn. This experiment has been tried several times successively by me.

JACOB DAYTON.

Waterford, October 7, 1811.

About a week ago, a seaman by the name of Frederick—, was killed by a fall on board the schooner Betsey, Captain Middleton, as she was going down the Delaware.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who has been so polite as to send us the 'Tea Table' several times must remember, that whether he writes a bad or a good hand, if the matter is objectionable we must overlook whatever he offers.—

If S. N. pleases to take the pains to search the 12th Volume of our paper he will there find, what he has taken so great a trouble to transcribe—as it ought to be—in English.

Poor Glentworth, in truth is fever enough; doubtless he means well, yet unless he reads more, understands more and deserts what he reads, we wish not for his future Correspondence O.

Married.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Capt. William Fosdic of Newport. R. I. to Miss Cornelia Paxton of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Spring, Dr. Samuel Henry, of this city, to Mrs. Mary Woodward, of Charleston.

On Thursday evening last, at Brooklyn, by the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Samuel W. Disbrow, esq. of this city, to Miss Sarah Cook, of that place.

At Philadelphia Charles W. Wilcox, to Miss Mary H. Mitchell—At Schenectady, William Archer to Miss Mary Thompson.

At Newtown New Jersey on Tuesday evening the 22d inst. by the rev. Mr. Campbell, William T. Anderson Esq to Miss Margaret G. Linn daughter of Dr. Linn.

On Monday morning, at St. Paul's Church, by the rev. Mr. How, Mr. Abraham L. Braine to Miss Agnes D. Hamilton second daughter of Alexander Hamilton esq

In Danville (Ver.) Master Samuel Underwood, aged 15 years, to the widow Fanny Matthews, aged 36 !!!!

In Scotland, having eloped to avoid the law's delay, the daughter of the Duke of St. Allan's, to Viscount Deerhurst; the lady had at her own disposal, 100 000l.

On Thursday evening 24th of October by the rev. Jonathan Hunthing, Mr. Henry Petrus to Miss Rebecca Landon, daughter of Capt Jonathan Landon, all of Southold L. I.

At the same time, Mr. Thomas Conklin, to Miss—Petty, of Auguabogue.

At Southfield Furnace. Orange County on Tuesday evening by the rev. Mr. Coe, of Chester, Mr. John Steward, Jun. merchant. of Utica, to Miss Mortha Jackson of the former place.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev.

Mr. Spring, Dr. Samuel Henry, of this city, to Mrs. Mary Woodward, widow of the late captain Woodward, of Charleston.

Died.

On Friday the 25th inst. in the 85th year of his age Mr. Peter Golet, merchant of this city.

On Tuesday the 22 inst. Mr. Jacobus Bogert, an old and respectable inhabitant in the 78th year of his age.

On Saturday morning last, Mrs. Cornelia Gaine, relict of the late Hugh Gaine aged 77 years.

On Wednesday the 30th inst. in the 47th year of her age, Mrs. Rachel Richardson.

On Friday the 18th inst. of a lingering illness, Mr. John Turnier, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At New Orleans, Mrs. Ann Relf, wife of Richard Relf merchant; and a few days before her brother, both of the prevailing fever—at Newark, Joseph Sayre jun and Miss Mary Spinnage—at Philadelphia, Miss Esther Macklin, aged 19 at Elizabethtown Mrs. Thomas Salter:

On Saturday last Hon. Richard Cranch, on Thursday. Mrs. Mary, his consort aged 70 departed this life; they were both entombed on Saturday, in Quiney. They lived together as husband and wife nearly fifty years; may they be reunited in a better world; to part no more.

On Thursday morning last, in this city, after a painful illness, the much to be lamented Louis Arcampbal, esq. late Consul of His French Imperial Majesty at Baltimore, and lately, his consul General, by interim, in the United States.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

EXTRACT.

From "Love and Satire," a small volume of poetical correspondence between a young Lady and Gentleman, lately published in London.

TO ELIZA, WITH A DOVE.

Accept, dear maid, the most delightful
bird

That ever Venus to her chariot bound;
By love adopted, and by peace preferr'd,
For meekness valued, and for faith
renown'd.

A Bird, in which such rare perfections
meet,

Alone is worthy to be counted thine;
His beauty, fair one, is, like yours,
complete.

And his fidelity resembles mine.

JULIUS.

—
TO JULIUS, WITH A GOOSE.

Swain, I accept your all-accomplish'd
Dove,

With rapture listen to his plaintive
moan,

And vow with constancy, the bird to
love,

Whose beauty thus reminds me of
my own.

I cannot prove my gratitude too soon,
For such a mark of tenderness con-
ferr'd;

So song for song be thine and boon for
boon,

Kindness for kindness, swain, and
bird for bird.

Lo, the best bird that Lincoln can pro-
duce,

My choice has singled from a tuneful
group;

Accept, sweet Bard, from me, as great a
Goose,

As e'er was fatten'd in a poulterer's coop.

Your verse the merit of the Dove dis-
plays;

The compliments I pay my bird are
few;

Yet, 'tis, methinks, no niggard share of
praise,

To say how strongly he resembles
you. ELIZA.



BATTLE OF ASPERN.

ON the banks of the Danube, as slow-
ly descending,

Came night with her ebony shield,
The contest of warriors most happily
ending,

And hiding the gore of the field;

When the clashing of arms was no
more to be heard

And the soldier fatigu'd with his toil,
For the life that was saved, his rude an-
them preferr'd,

Or slept on his ill gotten spoil;

Came a damsel, that morning who rose
to delight,

That morn bid her lover adieu,
As she braced on his helm for the ter-
rible fight,

And swore to be constant and true.

But vain was her vow. For the rude
hand of war

Had parted the youth and the maid,
And vain was her search, as she sought
him afar,

Mid the havoc the battle had made.
She sought him in vain; for the wreck
of the day

Had marr'd ev'ry warrior's form ;
 All blacken'd and riven, and blasted they
 lay,
 Like trees 'neath the pitiless storm.
 Now wild as her ringlets flow'd loose
 in the air,
 She call'd on the youth whom she
 lov'd ;
 So frantic her grief, and so sad her
 despair,
 No tiger had heard her unmov'd.
 " Ah ! wherefore my love could you
 leave me alone,
 Leave a maiden so tender and true ?
 Why leave your glad cottage to fight
 for a throne,
 And a monarch, who thought not of
 you.
 Say, dark rolling stream, where the
 battle has storm'd,
 Where repose the bright arms of the
 brave ?
 O, yield me my EDWARD, tho' pale and
 deform'd
 He float on thy blood-mingled wave."
 A ghostly response from the billows as-
 cended,
 The voice of her lover was there,
 She sought his embrace, and in misery
 ended
 The life of a maid in despair !

ABION.

THE TORNADO.

*Impromptu, on hearing of the Tornado
 in Charleston, the 8th ult.*

Hark ! the Demons of the storm
 Ride upon the blust'ring gale ;
 Black, terrific, void of form,
 Rushing through the peaceful vale !
 Rain in gushing torrents pours,
 Thunders roll and light'nings flash ;
 In the sky destruction hurs,
 Hark ! what means that horrid crash ?
 Death now plays his icy dart,
 Desolation sweeps the shore,

Terror strikes on every heart,

GOD OF MERCY, it is o'er !

Ye ! I hear the shriek of death,

'Tis the Demon's parting blast,

Howling o'er the dreary heath ;

Heav'n be prais'd ! the mischief's past

Type of that ETERNAL MORN,

When this poor and fragile world,

On the flaming whirlwind borne,

Will in endless gulphs be hurl'd.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,

Neatly and correctly executed, on

reasonable terms ; and goods

(of any kind) will be taken

in part payment,—at the

Office of the

LADY'S MISCELLANY

CARPET WEAVER.

The subscriber, respectfully solicits
 the patronage of the Lady's in this city,
 as carpet weaver—he is an aged man,
 and wishes to employ his time in this
 way, as weaving has been his general
 profession, he will be thankful for, and
 will strictly attend to all orders left for
 him at No. 12 Henry street,
 August 17th 1811. John Jones.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed
 to No. 145 Broadway, where he conti-
 nues to procure money on Mortgages,
 notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells
 houses, improved farms, & tracts of land
 Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-
 sonable commission.—Also the lease of
 2 houses, & annuity. Also for sale 30
 farms several with good improvements,
 will be sold low, goods & property of e-
 very sort taken in payment, or any who
 forms a company tickets & draw for the
 different farms will be liberally paid for it
 Also a skilfull farming man with a good
 character, will meet with encouragement
 by applying as above.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

SAMUEL B. WHITE,

No. 317 Water-street, New-York

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.